



# THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE.

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### INTRODUCTORY.

“TEN years ago, a few weeks before the present date, the first Mission Hall was opened by Mr. McAll in a faubourg of Paris.

During the ten years which have now elapsed, the Mission has never ceased to extend itself, and deepen

its influence among the class from which it takes its title. There are now, in all, fifty-seven stations, thirty-two of which are in Paris and its environs, and twenty-five distributed throughout France.

The question naturally suggests itself: Does the work satisfy its promoters, and is it still holding and gaining ground among the people?

The large audiences which have filled many of our oldest-established halls during the past Winter, to speak only of Paris, are a sufficient answer to the question. At first much was to be attributed to curiosity and the novelty of meetings for the people; but now we can safely say *the time of mere curiosity has long gone by, and it is real spiritual need which brings the people together.* Many signs of spiritual life convince us of this, and not least of all, the marked tendency of the people to linger on in our meetings and remain behind for prayer and instruction, and the ready welcome which visitors receive in their homes.

One might infer from this that the mission work we are engaged in may be prosecuted with security and confidence as to time and results. This is hardly, however, the case. We believe that this is a very critical moment for France. There are multitudes whose indifference may to-day be turned into faith, but a few years may harden their hearts in infidelity, or drive them back to superstition. There is an old French proverb: "The people must have a religion," and this is felt to be true by many. The liberty of conscience now enjoyed has caused many to identify despotism and faith, and to reject all religion as a chain and obstacle to progress. But many feel that the newly acquired freedom can only exist on a religious basis. And now is the time to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ as the one foundation of national prosperity and individual freedom. The willing ear which is lent to our words to-day, the prejudices which favourably dispose the bulk of the labouring, and not a few who are of the higher classes towards us, mark out the present as unique, and point to the next few succeeding years as most momentous in the religious history of this country. There is no doubt that a breach has been made in the walls of error and unbelief. But a few years will probably determine whether we are to possess the city in triumph, or retire after having almost reached the heart of its citadel. A bold, per-

severing proclamation of the Gospel is needed to do the work which is only waiting to be undertaken.

We appeal, therefore, most earnestly to Christian friends in Great Britain and in America. Their generosity has already been often tested, but when we are called, month after month, to begin new branches in Brest, in Algiers, in Niort, in Amiens, and in many other towns, we can only ask for a renewal and extension of their interest, their prayers, and efforts and active sympathy.

France has never yet rejected the Gospel. She appeared once to have done so, but it was violence and bloodshed, and passive submission, that made the act so like the reality. What will each friend do now to avert the possible rejection of Christ, and assure His restoration and reign in Paris, in the cities and villages of France ?

G. T. D.

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### Spiritual Results and After Meetings.

As one goes from one réunion to another, day after day, with God's message of salvation, it is intensely precious to know that one is only a messenger, only a voice ; but the Lord Himself is in the midst, by His Holy Spirit awakening hearts, and meeting each longing soul. Yet one cannot watch the crowds of earnest listeners without longing to take each one by the hand to lead them to Jesus. Very specially have we felt this of late in many of the stations. At Les Ternes meetings, for several months, the workers noticed the earnest, tearful look on many faces. They frequently met to pray for these seeking ones.

Miss Bonnycastle writes :—"On the 5th of June, Miss Blundell invited all anxious souls to stay to a 'réunion plus intime.' A hymn was sung, four or five prayers from the hall (not platform), and some pressing words by several were uttered. The next Sunday thirty stayed, the next fifty, and thenceforward after-meetings never ceased. They were very quiet and solemn. Now and then a person would stand up for a moment, to show he wanted to be prayed for." Some weeks passed, and then one evening, noticing deep anxiety on the faces of several, "those who desired to be saved were asked to lift up their hands as a signal of distress to the Lord. Up

went over twelve hands from different parts of the hall. We all knelt, and committed each one to the Lord." The first man to lift his hand found peace and joy in Christ that night. He is an earnest Christian, his one desire to follow Christ, and to lead others to Him. Speaking of his conversion one day, he told us how for long he had been so puzzled by the expression "Come to the Saviour," unable to see how he was to do so. "To lift up my hand; that was simple; I could do it." His was the hand of faith that laid hold on Christ. Great blessing continues in this meeting. After telling of several others who bear glad testimony to the peace and joy they have found in Christ, seeking in their turn to become soul-winners for Him, Miss Bonnycastle adds:—"The blessed Lord is graciously gathering in precious souls, quietly and without excitement, into His kingdom from these meetings. I am always afraid of overdrawing any cases of conversion, and have tried to give as uncoloured a statement as possible. One rejoices with fear and trembling lest any should turn aside again, as the stony-ground hearers did; but the Lord can keep them all, and add more weekly, for we feel it is only the first droppings of a mighty shower."

At the stations of Gare d'Ivry and Grenelle, the greater part of the audience responded to the invitation given to those who were seeking the Saviour to remain for prayer and conversation. Many linger on as if they could not go away unsatisfied, their solemn, earnest look proving their consciousness of *deep need*, though often unable to define it exactly. But in the quiet after-meeting, hearts and hands have been lifted to Christ, and He has answered the longing soul. If these more intimate meetings are found needful in our own country, they are in some ways even more so in France *now*; affording an opportunity of answering the many perplexing questions and mistaken ideas of many who have for some time been listening gladly to the Gospel, but yet are hindered by many stumbling-blocks of error and superstition.

Prayer as we understand it is often to them a revelation. I shall never forget the exclamation of a poor woman at Montmartre after praying with her the first time—"You can speak to God like that! C'est magnifique." Mme. J. writes:—"A man who had lived a very bad life said to me one day that he wanted to know how to pray, he had great things to ask of God. (He

had been attending the meetings for about ten months.) He was so anxious to know how to pray that he had asked some one for a prayer-book. One day that I went to see him, after a serious consideration, he asked me to pray with him and for him. I did so and he thanked me. The next day he prayed himself before going out, and came home so joyful, telling his wife that God had answered his prayer; he had been to seek work in an 'atelier' where he would have fewer temptations, and he had found a place where he was to be alone with the master. He works there ever since and perseveres in sobriety, his wife says there is a wonderful change in his conduct; when he is in danger he prays to God to help him and thus he is enabled to bear the railing of his old comrades." When once they have grasped the reality of prayer, very touching is their faith. One bright convert of Puteaux, who has lately joined the Protestant Church, after speaking of many home difficulties, writes:—"Prayer has solved all these problems; I owe it to prayer that I have never wanted in spite of the lightness of my budget; I know so well that God despises not the smallest requests that, to-night, though I only possess a half-penny for the next two days, I am not anxious for to-morrow, some little debt will be repaid, or someone will come and offer me some money; in short, I do not know how, I know I shall sleep without care, God is my Father and He knows what I need."

Some, when they embrace the truth must stand alone in their families, and the friendly words at the *réunion* may be all the Christian fellowship they have to help them on; here they are led to take their stand for Christ, and we feel the time has come when we must not only proclaim the glad tidings, but also use every means to rouse and encourage those who have been listening gladly, that they may lay hold on salvation, and give themselves unreservedly to Christ. The Lord is blessing the work and giving us the joy of seeing the beginning of a glorious harvest.

Miss Quinlan writes from St. Etienne:—"From amongst many of the facts of interest which come specially under our notice we may mention one or two instances.

"Mme. B. attends one of the '*ouvroirs*,'\* and since the day of her marriage, forty years ago, had not entered a place

\* A mother's meeting.



of worship ; on her first coming to the *ouvroir* she made a mock and jest of all she heard ; lately she has related to us that on her return home she used to collect her neighbours round her in the court-yard to sing for them in burlesque, 'Come to the Saviour,' but, to use her own words, 'I knew no better then, and I would always have remained in the same ignorance if you foreigners had not come to us ;' this same hymn is now her favourite, and is called by the other women *Mme. B.'s* hymn ; she now says the week is long to her until Wednesday, the day of the *ouvroir* ; her delight was great in receiving a large print Testament which she keeps beside her to read in spare moments.

"We have never seen even in other parts of France, Testaments received with so much eagerness, or read with greater interest. Another of our women, a person of the more respectable class, who still rather holds to the Church of Rome, speaking of the Testament said, the Mass-books were good but they were mixed up with a crowd of other things ; but *this* book is simple, we can understand it, it speaks straight to the heart."

Let us seek to be filled with the Spirit, that we may know how to deal with these seeking souls ; and that many more may become faithful followers of Christ—burning and shining lights in this dark land.

E. MATHESON.

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### Our Christmas Fête at Roubaix.

We shall have a Christmas-tree ! What a host of pleasing associations would fill the minds of our young friends in England and elsewhere at the mere mention of these words, calling back pleasant memories of family gatherings, innocent pleasures, and welcome gifts. Hours when all the members of some happy group seem inspired by one common thought—the desire to make each other happy. But what of those who have never seen a Christmas-tree, perhaps never heard of one ? I do not know if the words possess a magic charm in themselves, but I do know that when we announced our Christmas-tree the children of our schools received the news with every expression of joy. It all came about very simply, but to us very wonderfully as well.

One morning early in November, Mrs. Robert said to me,

What do you think of giving the children a treat at Christmas? I said I would like it immensely, but the expense would be considerable, and we cannot expect the friends either at Roubaix or Croix to help us, they have their own school treats to provide for. Well, we talked it over and decided to make a sacrifice ourselves if need be, and to have a fête. Then I mentioned it (more I confess as a matter of form than anything else) to several friends whom I know find pleasure in doing good. The local committee voted us 50 francs (£2), and to our great delight several of the good people at Roubaix and Croix came forward most generously to our help. Meanwhile we had written to some of our friends, and to members of our family in Guernsey, and they too caught some of the good spirit, for they responded most liberally to our call (for list of contributors, &c., see yearly report of the Mission for 1881). Finding our resources increased we resolved to give, in addition to currant-buns and coffee, a useful gift to each, but some having been much more regular in their attendance than others, we decided to give gifts varying in value from two shillings to fivepence. The prizes were books, woollen shawls, scarves, neck-ties, stockings, handkerchiefs, woollen cuffs, "capelines," &c. A kind lady also sent us a large basket of oranges and one of apples. The Rev. C. Faulkner kindly gave several hundred floral Scripture texts—a timely gift, which enabled us to give, also, a portion of the Word that never perishes to the parents and friends.

The long expected day came at last, and with it 172 young people; I don't know if they have many sorrows, these young folks, they certainly brought none with them—their faces literally shone with joy. At 4.30 P.M. the important business of eating and drinking began, and the very energetic way in which, from the oldest to the youngest, they set about it was a convincing proof that they fully appreciated currant-buns and "café au lait." Thereafter we lighted the tree, and prepared the room for parents and friends. Fully 200 visitors came to see, to hear, and to witness the distribution of the gifts; need I say that all—children, parents, and friends—looked happy. The tree, a noble specimen twelve feet high, the gift of M. Moïse Rogier, with its 180 coloured wax-lights was not only an interesting but a novel sight to hundreds, such a thing being unknown in Roubaix—the Manchester of France.

In addition to all the other good things we had a magic-lantern kindly lent by a friend in Croix.

At 8.30 we concluded, very tired but very happy; we had done our best to make the children happy, and I think we succeeded.

Naturally one asks if any permanent good has come out of this. Well, we believe we have won the hearts of some of the parents, *and that we regard as clear gain*. Then the meetings have gained in numbers. From May (the period of commencing) to November the average attendance was 76. From November to present date (6th March) the average has been 110, with a steady upward tendency. And lastly, we have gained the sympathy and help of several friends, young men and women, and have thus been enabled to classify our young folks—a long desired end. We hope great things for God as the result of our Juvenile Meetings.

D. ROBERT.

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### New Branch at Montauban and Toulouse.

DEAR MR. DODDS,—It is a pleasure to me, though very busy at this time, to give you a short account of the mission commenced in November last by our dear Mr. McAll, at Montauban and Toulouse.

It was not without emotion that I took charge of the work in this ancient fortress of Protestantism. Here, about three hundred years ago, a young man named Bernard Colom, from Montauban, arrived from Paris, where he had attended the meetings of the first Christian “Réformés.” Soon he brought to the knowledge of the truth four young men, who used to meet together every Sunday, at the end of December, 1559, in a house not so well lighted and ventilated as our salle. There, in the silence of the night, those five soldiers of the cross used to pray, to sing our old psalms, and to read God’s Word; and in the course of a few months the first Reformed Church was opened. But alas! the wicked do not want to see the light, and very soon the rain “descended, the floods came, and the winds of persecution blew and beat upon that house; but it fell not, for it was founded upon the rock.” No, indeed, it fell not, for now we have there sixty students, who prepare themselves for the sacred ministry.



Our new mission has been going on for about four months, and we have had an average of 75 people at our meetings. If Montauban was once Protestant, the Catholics now are very fanatical, and the priests have a great power. A young girl was delighted to come to the meeting, when at Christmas she was called upon to go to her confessor. He frightened her by telling her she would surely go to hell if she came again to our meetings. The poor soul has not felt courage enough to come again. Three poor lads were joyfully coming to the children's meeting, when a woman called them, and slapped them because they were in our *salle*. Lately, three little girls were going along the street after the meeting, with their coloured tracts in their hands, when they met some Sisters of Mercy, who took the tracts, and made the girls promise not to come again to our *salle*.

Last Christmas, I had the joy of seeing the *salle* quite crowded by 225 boys and girls, who for the first time saw a Christmas-tree. How happy they looked! After several nice hymns had been sung, and short addresses delivered, I gave an orange, some sweeties, a small toy, a *rayon du soleil*, and an invitation for their parents to each. All that cost only twenty-two francs! Oh, if we were always seeking to do good around us, how many of our poor fellow-creatures would we make happy with very little!

I have continued the children's meeting since; and though many little faces have not reappeared, a good number have come again; and I can't go out once without meeting some of those dear little ones, who say to me, with a sweet smile, "Bonjour, Monsieur." Several Catholic families have got the Bible, which is quite a new book to them.

A woman said to me:—"Monsieur, I have some doubts as to the reality of what I have been taught in my religion and I would like to read the Bible to see if my doubts are founded." Some time after I went to see her and she told me:—"Oh Monsieur! I am so glad to have the whole Bible; never in my life had I possessed such a one; I read it every day with my husband and children."

Besides the meeting on Sunday for grown-up people and on Thursday for children, the Mission hall is opened every night from 6 to 10 P.M. for a reading-room, where the soldiers come to read and write.

Every Wednesday a lecture is delivered to them on various subjects by one of the students of our "Faculté de Théologie."

We hope (D.V.) to open a new salle at Montauban in another part of the town.

### Toulouse.

The Mission at Toulouse was commenced at the same time. There, in the fourth century, the first Christian missionary, Saturnin, was condemned to death.

Being asked to worship the statue of Jupiter, he refused saying, "I only worship the true God and Jesus Christ His son." Then the heathen priest exclaimed—"Let this Christian be tied to a bull's horns and dragged through the town till his body be in pieces."

There, the meetings are always crowded, although many young men come on purpose to amuse themselves.

Nevertheless, it is a pleasure to speak there. I wish I could give our friends of England and Scotland a glance at the meeting, and show them the eager and earnest expression on most faces. When I see the salle filled with working people, I cannot help feeling a great joy within me for the great privilege of teaching them the way of life.

When there is some noise how affectionate are the words we hear often from the lips of poor women. Some time after, one of them holding me by the coat said to me—"Oh, dear Sir, do not go in the midst of those young men, they will hurt you, and perhaps kill you!" Many a time I have heard such words.

One of these women, who took great interest in the meetings, spoke to a monk about it; but he told her she would surely go to hell if she were going there again. The poor soul was much troubled and sad; but soon after she confessed to an old priest that she was going to our salle, and told him she would be so glad to go back to hear the good things which were said. Then the priest told her, to her great joy, "If you hear good words there, you may go as often as you like; it will do you good." How seldom do we hear of such priests in our land.

We have every Thursday an average of 179 people. M. le Pasteur Viel, from Toulouse, is a precious help to me, and several students. Besides this, there is a children's meeting of about 140 children. These dear ones are quite as ignorant as little savages, who have never sung a hymn, and never heard the

Gospel explained to them. Still I love them very much ; and I ask you to pray to the Lord with me, that he may civilise them, and, above all, touch their hearts. I think the only way for dealing with them is to gain their confidence, and to speak to them of the Good Shepherd with joy and earnestness. What we need much here are two Christian ladies who would visit these dear children, and hold mothers' meetings. May the Lord grant us them, for the prosperity of our mission here and the salvation of souls !

But I must leave you, dear friends, and prepare to take the train for Toulouse. Adieu ! Do think about this new work in your prayers, that the Lord may be pleased to bless it abundantly.

ADOLPHE MAILLET.

MONTAUBAN, 23rd March, 1882.

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### To Victor Hugo.\*

*After reading his Poem " Religions et Religion."*

Thou findest God in all : O poet !—near,  
 In the abyss as in the azure clear ;  
 In reason calm, in love the lord of might,  
 Thine own heart's yearning, and thine eye's quick light,  
 In truth, in good, the aims of genius high,  
 Immortal marble, witching melody,  
 In the flowers' fragrance, and the wild birds' lay,  
 In purple waters kissed by dying day ;  
 In giant rocks, and ocean's thunder peal,  
 In silent space where worlds harmonious wheel,  
 In subtle currents, powers unseen that reach  
 Through all, and bind each atom fast to each.  
 In eagle, lion, insect of a day,  
 And infant softly sleeping, tired of play,  
 In the weird moan of winds through ancient pines,  
 Yet on the Cross for thee no Godhead shines !

M. L. DODDS.

\* Translated from Pastor Théodore Monod's Poems " Loin du Nid." Paris, Bonhoure et Cie, 48 Rue de Lille.

From Pastor Théodore Monod.

To the Rev. R. W. McALL, Auteuil, Paris.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND FRIEND,

In view of unfavourable rumours which you understand to be in circulation, concerning the work of which I have been a witness, and in which I have taken a part from the beginning, you ask me "whether," according to my experience, information, and judgment, "the Gospel is preached" in the meetings with which your name is connected.

One might, with almost equal pertinency, inquire whether there is any singing of hymns in your meetings, or whether the Halls are fitted with gas-burners! It does put Christian courtesy to its utmost stretch, to abstain from severely qualifying such a rumour.

Whether one looks over the names of the well-known evangelical pastors and laymen who labour with you (not to mention, first and foremost, your own name); whether one considers the ordinary meetings, the house to house visitation, the Sunday school, the Bible classes, or the "*Conférences*" given in large halls; whether, especially one takes notice of the after-meetings for inquirers, now established in several stations, not without tokens of the presence and blessing of God; nothing is easier than to ascertain that the Gospel not only is preached, but preached with increasing success, in your Mission. In fact we may say, that the seed faithfully cast upon the waters for the last ten years, is now beginning, on a much larger scale than hitherto, to yield a harvest.

I am acquainted with several definite conversions myself: this very week, I met with a man I well know, whose heart and life have undergone a thorough change; his first impressions were received at the Trocadéro, strengthened and brought to a crisis at the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Bidding farewell to our faithful and earnest fellow-labourer, Miss J——, who leaves us to-day for Algeria, I asked her whether she knew of genuine conversions, as the result of your work. I wish you could have seen her glance and heard her voice as she at once replied, "Yes, I know of many,"—others would be ready to bear the same testimony. As to getting up precise statistics of conversions, I am aware that this is not your way, nor can I

otherwise than approve of such reserve. David's experience in insisting upon a complete numbering of Israel is not such as to encourage us to do the same.

The real question, to my mind, is how such a rumour can have originated. I am only able to account for it by supposing that some occasional hearer or hearers may have fallen upon a somewhat dry and pointless address (such things may happen even in church or chapel); or upon one that dwelt more on the law than on the Gospel (this is occasionally needful, indeed, indispensable with the unawakened conscience of most of the people we have to deal with; in fact, I have heard the complaint, not altogether unfounded, that the Gospel was preached too exclusively, in these meetings); or again, one may have fallen upon an address that spoke of God in nature, or in providence, rather than in grace (this also has to be done; I have done so myself, more than once, and propose to do so again); thus a hasty generalisation may have led to the statement that "the Gospel is not preached in the McAll meetings," much as the well-known traveller, who was careful to note in his memorandum book: "Hotel-keepers in France have red hair." If ever it has come to pass, that among so many voluntary helpers, there has been one who has given an uncertain sound as to the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel, his services, I know, have at once been declined.

In a word, the bone and marrow, the nerve and sinew, and life-blood of the teaching continually going forth from your manifold meetings in Paris, and throughout France (God grant that they may yet greatly increase and multiply!), is purely "the Gospel of the Grace of God." Any rumour to the contrary would be a downright misrepresentation; did it not arise from an utter misunderstanding.—Ever most cordially and respectfully yours in the Lord's grace and service, TH. MONOD.

*P.S.*—In a letter lately received from my revered friend, Mlle. Dumas, I find one of the many good features of your Mission pointed out; she speaks of a man who thinks himself too poorly clad to attend church, but who delights to go to the St. Antoine meeting, where "it makes no difference," and where he also gets "good books lent to him."

TH. M.



### Won for Christ.

I think it was in the early part of June, 1881, that I became acquainted with Madame X. On my first visit she gave me a brief outline of her history. Her father was then ardently attached to the Church of Rome, and educated her accordingly. But at her "première communion" faith in her spiritual teachers was shaken. When the consecrated wafer was administered, she was strictly enjoined by the priest not to touch the wafer with her teeth, for, if she did so, her mouth would immediately be filled with blood! However, to use her own expression, she ground the paste or bread to pieces, and as might be expected *no blood appeared*. This discovery took away all confidence in the priest; he was evidently a deceiver, or deceived, and in either case it was very evident his word could not be relied on. Time passed on, and at last she separated herself entirely from the Romish Church, becoming a Protestant, but by no means a new creature in Christ Jesus; doubtless the "Unseen Hand" was guiding her though she knew it not. Three or four months, perhaps, after my first visit, when standing at the door of one of our "salles" as is my wont, Madame X. asked me if I would call on her as she was desirous of asking me a question. I did so and found her exceedingly anxious about her soul, she was very unreserved and open, and spoke without the least hesitation. She told me that she had discovered the, to her, appalling truth that she was a sinner, that she needed something which she did not possess to bring peace to her mind, and enable her to meet God without fear. I soon found that, although evidently taught of the Spirit, more light was needed before she could be brought into peace. I, however, felt no fear for her, knowing full well that He that had begun a good work would perform it, &c. I pointed her to Him who is ever able, ever willing to save; we read the Word together, and knelt at the Throne of Grace asking that she and her husband, her children, and her parents, might be made partakers of salvation and heirs of glory. Mrs. Robert and myself continued to visit her from time to time. I found her, always I think, reading some portion of Holy Writ, and desirous of an explanation of some difficult passage. Her spiritual birth was most interesting.

We asked her to our house and she came, always humble, eager to learn; sometimes while we spoke to her a ray of light would seem to come into her mind and reveal its presence by a smile which came shining through the tears which chased each other down her cheeks. Once she came to us seemingly as far from lasting peace as ever; but left us somewhat comforted. Next day I left home early, and just after leaving the house I met her; she said to me:—"Oh! Sir, I was coming to your house, I have such good news to tell you; only think, my sins are all forgiven; my soul is full of joy; I am so happy; God owns me as His child; I have peace, abundant peace." I replied—"I rejoice with you; will you tell me how you got the blessing? and then go and see Mrs. Robert, she is very anxious about you." As nearly as possible these were her words:—"After going up to my room last night I felt very distressed—I knew not what to do. I read and prayed, still I got no better; at last I took up a '*Feuillet illustré*' (illustrated Gospel paper) which you had given my little boy; turning over the leaves I there read about the blood of Christ being shed for sinners—of His invitation to come to Him for pardon, and then, just then, I saw it all. I understood it all, it seemed to me I heard His voice saying,—'You are mine;' 'you are mine for ever;' 'all your sins are forgiven.' Oh! I am so happy, I have not slept all night. Yes, I am going to see Mrs. Robert and I must tell my mother also, and my cousin who is ill; I feel I must not be silent," &c., &c.

Several weeks have passed away since this occurred, she is still the same, rejoicing in God, her peace seems like a river. She has been to her friends and told them what great things God has done for her; in some places she has been well received, some have shed tears at her simple but joyful story; some have expressed the wish to feel as she does, others who knew the truth theoretically before she did, have received her very coldly and have even gone so far as to blame what they seem to regard as unnecessary zeal. When told of some unkind remarks which had been made, she quietly observed with a smile:—"If they had felt what I feel, they would do just as I have done."

Will any be found to say:—Will this last—is there not a good deal of excitement in all this—is she after all really converted? Let me answer briefly—Did not our Lord say, "By this shall

all men known that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John xiii. 35). Judging by her daily life and actions this dear woman's heart is full of love. Is strong faith in God an evidence of real conversion?—then she is truly converted. Is anxiety for the salvation of others an evidence of conversion?—then she is converted. Is taking up the cross a sign of conversion?—then again, I say she is converted.

In conclusion let me ask every saved soul who reads this article to devote, if it be but five minutes in each week, to prayer, *believing prayer*, that God may own and bless His own work and Word in France, and bring many, many souls to Himself by whatever agency He may be pleased to employ.

D. ROBERT.

### A Story told on the Mediterranean.

The writer of the following striking account is working with Mr. George Pearse in his Mission among the Berbers or Kabyles inhabiting the mountain districts of Algeria. We received it from Mr. Pearse, who, though away from Paris, his former field of labour, is still with us in sympathy and prayer.

"As it was my first voyage, I asked the Lord to grant me a Christian companion in my cabin. This favour was granted me, for I had hardly entered it when I saw on one of the beds a Bible. A moment afterwards a military officer entered. We engaged in conversation, and I understood that he was going to the south of the province of Oran. He wished me all success in my missionary work among the Kabyles.

"I wished to know why that Bible was lying on the bed, and, pointing to it, I asked him, 'Are you also a citizen of heaven?' He replied, 'I am of those who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, not very long ago, through Mr. McAll's meetings.' I asked him to tell me how he had been brought to know the Lord? 'My mother is still alive,' he said, 'and she was, and still is, a true Christian mother to me, for she had only one desire—to lead her children to the foot of the Cross. She did everything she could to bring this about, praying with us, reading and explaining the Word of God, when we were gathered around her. As for me, I prized these moments, for I saw how much she loved us, and how glad she was to speak of her Saviour. We had lost our father.

"After having studied in several colleges I came to Paris. There I began to set aside my mother's teaching, and gave myself up to the devil to do his works. By degrees, I gave up writing to my

mother, and changed my lodging several times that I might not receive her loving letters, for they made no impression on me, so hardened had I become in sin.

“One day I had a *rendezvous* with some friends. We were going to indulge in our usual pleasures—an abomination truly to God. On my way to meet them, I passed by a hall where meetings, such as we used to mock at when gathered together for sinful pleasure, were held. Some irresistible power impelled me to enter. I felt ill at ease in that *réunion*, where many seemed so glad to hear the Word of God. I did not know whether to go out or remain. Some one then rose and read that Word of God which I had so often heard under my father’s roof. Among the words he read was that wonderful verse, John iii. 16, “God so loved the world,” &c. These words made such an impression on me that I went home to ask grace and pardon; and I was able to rise from my knees rejoicing, saved by Christ.

“You can imagine how I hastened to write to my good mother, and how she was transported with joy. It is indeed a deep joy for me to study the Word of my God. Yes, I am happy, and I give thanks to the Lord Jesus Christ. You understand the peace which fills my heart. I look upon all else as worthless when compared with the assurance which Christ gives me, and I can now say with St. Paul, “For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”

“He said many other things to me, which showed the joy and peace which filled his heart. We talked together during the crossing to Algiers of the things concerning the kingdom of heaven, and, above all, of the coming of the Lord. The joy which lit up his face every time that he spoke of that coming, so near, strengthened and refreshed me. I had need of that comfort, and of the sweet moments which I passed in his company. Now he is in the African desert fighting for his country.

“I was sorry to arrive at Algiers, and to lose the fellowship of so true a child of God. We separated, not to say farewell, but *au revoir*,—to behold each other again in the heavenly country, where we shall ever be with the Lord.

H. S. MAYOR.”

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### A Veteran.

One of our oldest friends died last October. His strong, simple faith, had so often rejoiced and encouraged us! How often through rain and snow, when, according to a French proverb, one would not have put a dog to the door, we were surprised to see our dear friend arrive, and, in spite of his great age and his day’s work, take his usual seat and greet us with such a happy face. He had been a soldier for many years, had

served in the siege of Antwerp, and travelled a great deal, so that in his old age he had a right to be received into the Hospital des Invalides, where one of us visited him occasionally. I shall never forget how that poor suffering old man, no longer able to read, said to me one day: "I would not have all the treasures in Paris in exchange for the joy that is in my heart." On getting better a little later he was admitted to the "Ward of the Heroes," where are to be found the remains of our past glory. Putting to profit the respite which God granted him, he distributed to his comrades in the ward, or to all whom he met, the tracts and gospels which he had received at the meeting, which he had attended for ten years. I brought him *Ami de la Maison* for the same purpose.

I once gave him a large New Testament; he was so joyful at the thought that he would be able to read it, that in order to commemorate the day, he walked into the room with great difficulty, borrowed here a pen, there an ink-bottle, in order that I might inscribe his name and the date; for, said he, "I will leave it to my daughter." He asked me for one of our hymn-books, not to read, for the print is too small, but that he might see the bright red cover that reminded him of the meetings. Being reconciled with God, he prayed for his relatives and friends, prayers which God has heard and will answer. Twice again he was able to have the pleasure of coming to *his* meeting of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Those were moments that filled his heart with sunshine. This friend is now in the great gathering above, with those who have come out of great tribulation, and have overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

FRÉD. CHRISTOL.

[We well remember how, nearly three years ago, this old hero insisted on a mass being said at his son's funeral, in opposition to the wishes of his widow and others. The son had never attended the meeting, although living above the hall; but there is every reason to hope that he had been brought to Christ through the visits paid to him by a worker, and the books and tracts which his wife brought from the réunion which she attended.—ED.]

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### Boulogne-sur-Mer.

M. Dégremont, pastor of the Reformed Church, and director of this branch, writes—



During the month of February it has been my privilege to witness some of the good done by the meetings. One of those who have entirely given themselves to our common Master, told me that a year ago she was passing along the Boulevard de Clocheville (where the mission hall was situated) with her children. Great trials, which she could no longer endure, had made her resolve to drown herself and them. She was walking towards the harbour to carry out this mad design, when the singing of our hymns stopped her. "A power which," she said, "I could not resist, brought me into the hall." Since then she has been completely gained to the Gospel. I commend to your prayers one of our converts, Madame B——; she is ill, and yet bears her pain with the greatest resignation. I hope that God will preserve her to our work. After she had asked to be received into our Church, and to be permitted to partake of the communion, she had several conversations with me, speaking of the blessing which she had there received. Her character, she sees it herself, has been completely changed. It is indeed a new birth. May God give us many like fruits. Our Thursday prayer meeting continues; from twenty to thirty persons attend. I like to lean on this meeting for all that I am called on to do here and elsewhere for the progress of the kingdom of God. I know that the prayers of these friends for me do not fail.



### From Babes and Sucklings.

In a "cité," in the quarter of Voltaire, for the great infidel gives his name to a district, and his bust can be seen in a niche over the archway of the door by which we enter, high up, on the sixth storey, a door stands open, and from a little bed in the corner of the room, the feeble voice of a sick child is quivering forth a song of love and glory. She is slowly fading away in consumption. With tears in her eyes the mother tells of the happy death of the elder child, only then six years old, and repeats her words:—

"I am going to Jesus, my own dear Jesus, my sweet little Jesus, who died for me."

"But where did she learn about the Saviour's love?"

Well, in the last quarter they were in, at Ivry, there was a McAll Hall, the child had strayed one day into the children's

meeting, and was attracted there weekly, returning home each time with a text and a hymn, which she taught her wee sister of two years old; and now the little thing remembers and sings on her heavenward way the chorus of their favourite cantique—

“Frères, frères, son nom est amour,  
Frères, frères, aimons-nous toujours.”

E. MOGGRIDGE.

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Mr. JOHN BREWIS, C.A., 42 George Street, *Hon. Treasurer* for the McAll Mission Auxiliary in Edinburgh, acknowledges receipt of subscriptions, from 15th December 1881 to 15th March 1882, amounting to £65, 1s., details of which, together with the Edinburgh District Collection, will be found in the Annual Report issued in October.

Miss BORROWMAN, Maghull, Liverpool, begs to acknowledge receipt of subscriptions for 1881, amounting in all to £33, 17s., the particulars of which will be given in next Report.